There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe ſound.
Where is my father and my mother *Nurſe*?
Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer *Tibalts* corſe,
Will you goe to them: I will bring you thither.
Iu. Waſh they his wounds with teares: mine ſhall be ſpent,
When theirs are drie, for *Romeos* baniſhment.
Take vp thoſe cords, poore ropes you are beguild,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a maide, die maiden widdowed.
Come cord, come *Nurſe*, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my maiden-head.
Nur. Hie to your chamber, Ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be heare at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Iu. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his laſt farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier *and* Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou feareſull man,
Affliction is enamord of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.
Ro. Father what newes? What is the Princes doome?
What ſorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar.
Is my deare Sonne with ſuch ſowre companie?
I bring thee tydings of the Princes doome.
Ro. What leſſe then Doomeſday is the Princes doome?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vaniſht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies baniſhment.
Ro. Ha, baniſhment? be merciſull, ſay death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, doe not ſay baniſhment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Ro. There is no world without *Verona* walles,
But purgatory, torture, hell it ſelfe:
Hence baniſhed, is baniſht from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then baniſhed,
Is death miſtearm'd, calling death baniſhed,
Thou cutſt my head off with a golden Axe,
And ſmileſt vpon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſinne, O rude vnthankefulneſſe,
Thy fault our Law cals death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath ruſht aſide the Law,
And turn'd that blacke word death to baniſhment.
This is deare mercie, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Ro. 'Tis torture and not mercie, Heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues and euery Cat and Dogge,
And little Mouſe, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in Heauen and may looke on her.
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip liues
In carrion flyes, then *Romeo:* they may ſeaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
And ſteale immortall bleſſing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and Veſtall modeſty,
Still bluſh, as thinking their owne kiſſes ſinne.
This may flyes doe, when I from this muſt flye:
And ſayſt thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, he is baniſhed,
Flyes may doe this, but I from this muſt flye:
They are freemen, but I am baniſhed.
Hadſt thou no poyſon mixt no ſharpe ground Knife
No ſudden meane of death, though nere ſo meane,
But baniſhed to kill me: Baniſhed?
O Fryer, the damned vſe that word in hell:
Howling attends it, how haſt thou the heart
Being a Diuine, a ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A ſinne Obſoluer, and my Friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word baniſhed?